St. Charles ... Library
Carthagena, Ohio

EXPULSION OF THE TEAMSTERS
—John C. Cort

THE

Commonweal

The Princeton Controversy

Background of a Complicated Affair

by James Finn

Fashion a la Russe

Report on Feminine Unrest

by Gunnar D. Kumlien

A CRITIC ON THE THEATER . . . Edwin Kennebeck
IN A COMMUNIST PRISON . . . . . James Greene
WAYS OF KNOWING GOD . . . . . Leo R. Ward
THE LINEN BANDS: A POEM . . Raymond Roseliep

Volume LXVII, No. 16 January 17, 1958 Twenty-Five Cents

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AQUINAS PAPERS

No. 2. St. Thomas and Nietzsche
F. C. Copleston, S.J. 30¢

No. 5. The Condemnation of St. Thomas at Oxford
D. A. Callus, O.P. 30¢

No. 18. The Meaning of Existentialism
D. J. B. Hawkins. 30¢

No. 19. The Greek Philosophical Background of the Psychology of St. Thomas
A. H. Armstrong. 30¢

No. 20. The Wisdom of Boethius
Gerald Vann, O.P. 30¢

No. 21. The Basis of the Mysticism of St. Thomas
Conrad Pepler, O.P. 30¢

No. 22. Financial Justice
J. F. L. Bray. 30¢

No. 23. The Conflict Between the Seculars and the Mendicants at the University of Paris in the XIII Century
D. L. Douie. 40¢

No. 24. St. Thomas and Law
V. McNabb, O.P. 30¢

No. 25. The Mind in Love
K. Foster, O.P. 30¢

No. 26. The Contained Economy
W. Stark, M.A. 30¢

No. 27. Wittgenstein and the Cult of Language
D. J. B. Hawkins. 30¢

No. 28. Rosmini on Human Rights
C. J. Emery. 30¢

No. 29. The Metaphysical Background of Analogy
Bernard Kelly. 30¢

No. 30. The Historical Context of the Philosophical Works of St. Thomas Aquinas
Dom D. Knowles. 30¢

The above is a complete list of all currently available titles. Payment may be made by I.M.O. or cheque.

BLACKFRIARS PUBLICATIONS

34 Bloomsbury Street, London W.C. 1.

THIS WEEK

Week by Week 395

The Princeton Controversy
by James Finn 399

Fashion a la Russe
by Gunnar D. Kumlien 402

Expulsion of the Teamsters
by John C. Cort 404

The Linen Bands: A Poem
by Raymond Roseliep 407

The Stage
by Richard Hayes 408

The Screen
by Philip T. Hartung 408

Of Note: Gambling and Morality
from the Boston Pilot 409

Books 411

THE COMMONWEAL
386 FOURTH AVENUE
NEW YORK 16

Editor
EDWARD S. SKILLIN

Managing Editor
JAMES O'GARA

Associate Editors
JAMES FINN
RICHARD HORCHLER

Contributing Editors
JOHN C. CORT
ANNE FREMANTLE
PHILIP T. HARTUNG
RICHARD HAYES

JOHN BRUBAKER: *Advertising Manager*

Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Orange, Conn., under the act of March 3, 1879. Published weekly, printed and copyrighted 1958 in the U. S. A. by the Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc., 386 Fourth Ave., New York 16, N. Y. MUrray Hill 3-9685.

U. S. and Canada, $8 a year. Foreign, $10. Single copies 25c

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE
Commonweal
A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature, and the Arts
THIRTY-FOURTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

week by week

POST-SPUTNIK CONGRESS

DECISIONS made in the second, or post-sputnik, session of the Eighty-fifth Congress are of great importance for the future. Already there are signs that doing what must be done will not be easy.

The key issue before the country, of course, is the changed position of the United States vis-à-vis the Soviet Union. Coming back to Washington, most members of Congress can be counted on to reflect the general concern of the American people over the bad news of recent months. Yet a few legislators in key positions can still see to it that business-as-usual remains the watchword.

Senator Dworshak of Idaho thinks we can strengthen our defenses without heavy additional expense by having "more iron and less brass" in the military structure. Congressman Clarence Cannon of Missouri, head of the potent House Appropriations Committee, has warned against what he calls a "spending spree." And Senator Richard B. Russell of Georgia, influential chairman of the Senate Armed Forces Committee, has come out for increased military spending but says the additional money should come out of the foreign aid program. These comments are not untypical.

All this is an indication that some members of Congress are not yet ready to face the dimensions of our problem. In an election year budget-cutting is an endemic disease, at least on some items, and apparently the disease is one for which even sputnik provided no lasting cure. Yet this is the road to disaster. Senator Russell's plan, for example, to finance increased military spending by cutting down foreign aid, is a good indication of the either/or policy that has long been crippling U.S. effectiveness as a world power. Either support an adequate defense *or* undertake foreign aid, this reasoning goes, and naturally foreign aid on an adequate scale has few dedicated backers in Congress when the choice is put this way.

In its last session Congress cut President Eisenhower's request for foreign aid funds by almost one-third. Despite expressions of concern about Soviet advances on all fronts, reports from Washington indicate that many members of Congress are prepared to be even harder on non-military requests in the new session. If this happens, the United States will be failing the world and itself.

THAT INCREASED military spending is necessary should be obvious. That it is by itself not enough should be equally obvious. Almost half of the world's population lives in what are called the uncommitted nations. Many of these nations are just emerging from colonialism, and in most of them living standards are, by Western standards, poor beyond belief. Yet to a large extent these people represent the shape of the future.

No nation can be saved from Communism unless it wants to save itself. But the people in the underdeveloped areas of the world are trying to bridge a gap of centuries in the space of a few decades. They desperately need help to help themselves. In this situation military strength is of little value. If we depend on it primarily, we may find ourselves in the next decade or two wonderfully equipped with missiles and nuclear weapons, but increasingly alone in a world which has been won to the Soviet Union by non-military methods.

United States efforts to counter the Communist challenge abroad are already too small, and too much of this small effort is really military spending in disguise. In marked contrast, the Soviet Union has recently been stepping up its attempts to establish economic, political and cultural ties with the uncommitted nations. Today Soviet artists and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

technicians, propaganda and rubles, are reaching these nations in ever-increasing numbers. In its own way this challenge to the free world is every bit as significant as the success of sputnik. Yet in the face of clear evidence of this fact some Congressmen talk of reducing U.S. efforts still further.

The only hope is that responsible legislators and pressure from the public will make Congress and the Administration face the situation honestly. In the world in which we live, even sheer survival is expensive, and we do not think the American people are ready to surrender the larger battle and settle just for survival. Sharply increased spending is inevitable if we are to do all that needs to be done, in education, scientific training and research, informational and cultural services abroad, foreign aid and a stronger defense. No one of these items by itself is enough; all are important; and there is really no way of robbing one in order to pay for another. The sooner we face this fact, the better off we will be.

DESERVING PARTICULAR SCRUTINY

FOR YEARS it was accepted as an axiom of political life in America that in some ways Catholics were to be regarded as second-class citizens. Particularly when it came to the highest offices in the land it was assumed that a Catholic might be the best man but never the groom. Now, however, when barriers seem to be falling and patterns to be shifting, some people are actively worrying that Catholics may have political opportunities equal to those of other citizens.

Among the most active worriers are those found in the P.O.A.U. (Protestants and Other Americans United for Separation of Church and State). They are so concerned that they have drawn up a list of questions to be asked of all potential Catholic candidates for President or Vice President. The questions and, indeed, the entire recent statement of this group follow, often word for word, statements of Paul Blanshard, whom few any longer regard as an objective commentator on Catholicism. The group does, however, clothe itself in an air of fairness and objectivity. It says, for instance, that "most citizens are born into their religious affiliation, and no one should be penalized for an accident of birth." Some may think it odd for an organization which terms itself "Protestants and . . ." to ascribe religion as an accident of birth, and others may think that it is rather hard that penalties seem to be restricted to converts, but the desire at least to appear fair and reasonable is quite apparent.

"Millions of Catholic Americans are in complete agreement on matters of church-state separation with their fellow citizens of other faiths," the statement went on. There is here the assumption that "their fellow citizens of other faiths" have *one* definite position concerning church-state questions. This is simply not so, nor, even if it were, would it mean that further discussion and other positions could not be possible under the Constitution.

The P.O.A.U. further states that Catholics deserve particular scrutiny because the Catholic Church "has taken a definite stand against the Supreme Court's interpretation of church and state." Considered with the previous statement this would suggest that the "millions of American Catholics" who agree with their "fellow citizens of other faiths" are somehow violating teachings of the Church. Such an implication is, at best, highly misleading. It is, however, typical of the P.O.A.U. It would be well if this organization were to clear up its own faulty assumptions before it gave particular scrutiny to Catholics. But we offer this suggestion with faint hope that it will be followed.

THE DULLES POLICIES

THERE ARE two leading explanations of the vehemence and persistence with which Soviet spokesmen attack Secretary Dulles. One is that he has been so successful in thwarting the U.S.S.R. so far (and as recently as the Turkey-Syria crisis of last summer), the other that his unpopularity with America's allies and the neutral nations makes him such a useful anti-American whipping boy. There is no denying the vehemence of Mr. Dulles' anti-Communism. His travels and his labors for this patriotic cause verge on the heroic. And there is much to be said for his stubborn refusal to be drawn into a bipartite summit conference which would at the very least give the impression that the United States and Soviet Russia were dividing the world between them into two spheres of influence.

At the same time the substantial evidence of the recent shift in the two nations' comparative military capacities would almost seem to dictate important changes in American foreign policy. The threat of immediate retaliation from nearby airbases was one thing when only the United States had the A-bomb, or even when we had a wide

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

margin of superiority in thermonuclear weapons; it is something quite different when the Soviet Union appears to have the intermediate missiles to knock out all our forward bases in the case of a hypothetical surprise attack.

If the nature of Russian Communism remains largely constant and if its expansionist tendencies are more pronounced than ever, an attempt to find out whether or not the Soviet Union has not changed its opinions as to the feasible means is something worth considering. This can be explored through normal diplomatic channels and then at some form of parley between the NATO powers and the Iron Curtain bloc—it need not mean the long-refused two-power summit conference.

But Secretary Dulles is apparently wholly convinced that no common ground can possibly exist on which even a limited agreement between the United States and the Soviet Union can be reached. His air of unperturbable self-confidence, his tendency to keep his own counsel and his impenetrability to differing views do not augur well for a less inflexible stance. The growing clamor of our NATO allies for new negotiations with Russia has as yet produced no echo in the statements of John Foster Dulles; his increasingly numerous American critics in both parties are meeting a similar response.

Under a European parliamentary system Mr. Dulles, by a vote of the electorate, would long since have been returned to private life in protest over the barren results of his policies. As it is, however, President Eisenhower is said to rely on his Secretary more heavily than ever. The prospect is that Mr. Dulles will continue in the post he so greatly prizes for the next three years. Happily there are official agencies outside the confines of the State Department whose operations do color our relations with other countries—and differing views are gaining more and more currency in Republican Washington. In the course of five years under fire Secretary Dulles has on occasion reversed himself when convinced that conditions demanded it. The hope is that somehow he will be brought to see that certain new American initiatives are plainly of the essence.

ONCE A YEAR

THERE IS something curious about the recurring byplay in the press about the Tennessee Valley Authority. Here is the normal sequence: at year's end this agency publishes its annual report; thereupon the New York *Times* and other papers dutifully editorialize over its latest and cumulative accomplishments; then the T.V.A. drops pretty largely from public notice for another year. There was a time when the annual report provoked the private utilities to protest that the nation's taxpayers were supporting unfair competition with private business, etc., etc. But this has been argued back and forth so often that it arouses little interest. The utilities now depend on other means to check their rival. The T.V.A. goes on its productive way virtually unchallenged in public controversy, and unsung.

Yet here is a vast multi-purpose operation which develops the resources of a major American river valley for the benefit of all the inhabitants of a once poverty-stricken region, with over half of its power output going to the Atomic Energy Commission and other government agencies. T.V.A. is a continuing achievement which statesmen, engineers and economists from all over the world still throng to see.

PIONEERING PRODUCER

TO THOSE optimistic persons who still hope that a great movie will some day issue from a great book, a discouraging report: it was recently reported that the well-publicized Mike Todd was asked if his "Don Quixote" would follow the book. "Book?" replied Mr. Todd: "I don't read books —just synopses." This may, of course, give way to a whole new trend and publishers can have a new slogan: "You've seen the movie, now read the synopsis."

FEDERAL AID TO EDUCATION

THE ADMINISTRATION'S recently announced plan for Federal aid to education begins by citing the necessity of facing up to "plain truths." As it goes on, however, it makes no mention of the Soviet Union and makes no admission that our educational system is weak in relation to Russia's, in science or anything else. About the plainest truths to be found in the memorandum on school aid are that "education is now more crucially important to long-term national security than ever before" and that "there are deficiencies in education which . . . could seriously weaken our national security effort." Nevertheless, the statement cautions, "the main support for education must come in the future, as in the past, from state, local and private sources."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

As can be gathered even from these few quotations, the Administration proposal is about what was expected. It recognizes the problem—reluctantly— and takes a step in the right direction—timidly. The "crucially important" needs of American education are to be met with an "emergency program" calling for a billion dollars to be spent over a four year period. But Federal aid to education at the present time, admitted to be woefully insufficient, already amounts to more than a quarter of a billion dollars annually, and the new plan abandons last year's defeated program of Federal aid for school construction. Furthermore, most of the announced billion dollars would be paid out only when and if the states matched the Federal grants with dollar-for-dollar state expenditures.

The specifications of the plan—scholarships and fellowships for deserving students, the establishment of foreign language training centers, grants for teacher-training, special funds for research, training and teaching in the sciences—are commendable in themselves, but all in all the proposals are pathetically inadequate.

Administration admen have offered the electorate many a bright slogan in the past few years, but it may well be that the chill phrase "too little, too late" will be history's description of the Eisenhower Administration's efforts to meet the Soviet breakthrough in science. The President's caution and moderation may once have been the things needful in our political life, but the whirling metal balls have made it clear that we are past that age. The challenges posed by the sputniks call for responses that are bold and imaginative, in almost every aspect of our national life. We hope that the President and his Administration will repudiate the dismal slogan we have mentioned, and the feeble gestures which have made it, thus far, only too appropriate.

THE SENSE OF THE POSSIBLE

ONE OF the great obstacles to man's advancement in any area is the poverty of the human imagination. All too easily does man accept the narrow range of his own conceptions and, even more circumscribed, his own experience, as the measure of all that is. It is good, therefore, for us to have the dust knocked off our axioms from time to time, and our unquestionable assumptions questioned.

We are provoked to these reflections by a recent event, little regarded but of some symbolic import, perhaps, described in a dispatch to the N.Y. *Times*. We refer to the fact that at the annual championship cat show in New York an honored guest was a white mouse. The mouse, it seems, was a lifelong friend and playmate of one of the cats on show and came along with him to the competition just for the sake of companionship. We have not only the word of the *Times* for the "unnatural" condition of amity between these traditional enemies, but a photograph as well. In the picture the cat is reclining, cat-fashion, and the mouse gambling, mouse-fashion, but between the cat's paws, in the depth of the feline bosom!

This is of course, no more than a trifling bit of animal lore, and we don't want to read too much into it. Nevertheless, it does give one to think.

THE CONTROVERSY AT PRINCETON

SEVERAL MONTHS ago The Commonweal commented critically on the activities of Father Hugh Halton, O.P., the Catholic chaplain at Princeton. We were not surprised that our comments, which were widely reprinted, produced considerable response, nor that Father Halton subsequently criticized The Commonweal in a misleading interview with a secular newspaper. We discussed Father Halton's statement in a later editorial, and we have tried to give an adequate response to those who requested fuller information concerning the entire situation at Princeton. This, we hoped, would be sufficient and that no further comment on our part would be called for.

Father Halton's activities, however, continue, and they are given wide coverage in various secular and diocesan papers. Since many of his quoted statements are unexceptionable, and even admirable, some readers find it difficult to understand the positions of either the university or The Commonweal. With the knowledge that no single article could give the complete story of so long and complicated a situation, but with the desire to redress an imbalance of reporting that has led to serious misunderstanding, we offer in this issue an article presenting the background of the action taken by Princeton.

Although the facts offered there are a matter of public record, they have generally been slighted or entirely omitted in the most widely circulated news stories. These facts, however, are pertinent to any judgment or opinion concerning Father Halton's relations with the university. It is for these reasons that we offer the present article.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Princeton Controversy

In judging the dispute between Father Halton and the University, the greatest single difficulty was that most people were forced to rely on information that was almost necessarily incomplete

by JAMES FINN

IN THE FALL of 1957, President Robert F. Goheen of Princeton University announced that the Board of Trustees had regretfully directed the university to withdraw its official recognition of Father Hugh Halton, O.P., the Catholic chaplain assigned to the university. The statement said of Father Halton that "under claims of advancing the pursuit of truth, he has resorted to irresponsible attacks upon the intellectual integrity of faculty members. The nature and the manner of his charges can only be recognized as designed to foment a highly emotional form of controversy. . . . His accusations in the past year have broadened into large unsubstantiated charges of malfeasance against the administration of the university. . . . For tactics of this sort no university devoted to freedom of rational inquiry need make a home."

Following this action articles or comment appeared in journals as varied as *Time, Newsweek, Life, Ave Maria, America, The National Review* and in many secular and diocesan newspapers. A disturbed situation that had previously been confined, for the most part, to the university area was thus given national attention. The response to the reports was, not surprisingly, varied. But only too often, it was clear, readers had charged into an already complicated fray on their own private hobbyhorses. It was as easy to find those who supported the university's action because they enjoyed the opportunity to criticize a Catholic and a priest, as it was to find those who supported the priest because they had a chance to criticize the action of a "liberal" Ivy League university.

But most of the letters printed in the various journals were thoughtful and represented an obvious effort to deal fairly with a complicated and important issue. The greatest single difficulty for most readers was that no one news story was wholly adequate, and thus people were forced to base their opinions on information that was, almost necessarily, incomplete. From the total situation, therefore, many readers tended to isolate the particular aspect of special interest to them and to see the question as one of politics or of religion or of academic freedom.

While questions concerning each of these issues are involved, the decision of the Board of Trustees did not derive from a disagreement about politics or religion, nor, I think, is an issue of "academic freedom" involved. However one judges the merits or wisdom of the action of the university, it should be clear that the reasons for the action are those presented in President Goheen's statement. And although the information which can be gathered from what is readily available in print cannot convey the entire story, it is sufficient to make his feelings and those of the Board of Trustees understandable.

IN 1952 Father Beckley, who had been Catholic chaplain at Princeton University for over twenty-three years, retired. A "beloved and respected member of the university community," in the words of President Goheen, he had been highly effective in the Princeton community and he left behind him a climate of opinion favorable to his successor.

His successor was Father Hugh Halton, O.P., M.A., D. Phil. (Oxon.), young, learned and charming. He was also energetic, and many members of the Princeton community gladly joined in his efforts, extended over a period of years, to raise funds for a chapel and permanent religious center for the Catholics of the university. Enough money was raised to purchase a fine old house close to the university and to convert it into the Aquinas Foundation. In addition to a library and meeting rooms it contains a handsome chapel.

Mr. Finn is an associate editor of The Commonweal.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Soon after the Foundation was completed Father Halton launched attacks against the faculty from the pulpit of this chapel.

The first faculty member to be criticized at length was Walter T. Stace of the Philosophy Department. In the spring of 1955, Mr. Stace, who identifies himself as a naturalist, was the subject of five of Father Halton's sermons. Although some students were disturbed by the tenor of the criticism, Mr. Stace said, "I have no intention of attacking Father Halton nor do I resent anything he may have said." But dissension and debate increased, and when a faculty member criticized Father Halton for his actions he stated his position at length. In a paid advertisement in the student newspaper, the *Daily Princetonian,* he wrote: "My relations with the University are the happiest; there is no center of learning for which I have a deeper affection, no university whose Christian tradition I more admire."

He also took the occasion to correct the impression that the administration of the university was responsible for the establishment of the Aquinas Foundation. In speaking of his efforts to finance the project Father Halton said, "I have done this without recognition or compensation, official or quasi-official, and I have done it for God and Princeton with a genuine happiness and intense enthusiasm. At this point, I venture to suggest . . . that possibly the courtesies have run in both directions: from Princeton University to the Aquinas Foundation to be sure (and I'm grateful), and just as surely from the Aquinas Foundation to Princeton University. The assignment of a priest to care for the spiritual and moral welfare of Catholic members of the University is pure courtesy."

At the same time, Father Halton made it clear that his criticism would continue. As it continued, it embraced the university's Religion Department, which Father Halton declared incompetent to teach about Catholicism; the trustees of Princeton University Press, for publishing *Morals and Medicine,* which Father Halton labeled "third-rate scholarship, anti-rational and anti-Christian"; a retired professor, George W. Elderkin, whose recent books and pamphlets wildly attack Catholics and Catholicism; the trustees of the university, because they did not make a student organization withdraw an invitation for Alger Hiss to speak at the university. The range of this criticism was broad enough to include many distinguished Catholics in the Princeton community.

In the course of this criticism, which extended over a period of years, Father Halton made many statements to which all Catholics, as well as many who are not Catholics, would immediately assent. These statements reject the metaphysics of Mr. Stace, criticize the tenets of *Morals and Medicine,* and condemn the Blanshard-like bigotries of Mr. Elderkin. Father Halton also made statements which were debatable but altogether legitimate. For example, many people, Catholic and non-Catholic, would differ with Father Halton and agree that the university was right not to cancel the invitation issued to Alger Hiss by the students. It is such quite legitimate criticisms which have been most widely quoted in the diocesan papers, and the reader who views the action of the university solely on the basis of these statements might easily come to the conclusion that Father Halton had been unfairly treated—and only because he aroused controversy.

THERE ARE, however, other actions and statements which have been less widely publicized outside of the university community. Without knowledge of these one cannot arrive at a just estimate of the university's action, for they are the particulars which justify the general charges: that Father Halton has engaged in irresponsible personal attack upon faculty members, that he has unnecessarily and harmfully provoked hostility and disrespect, that he has alienated himself from many Catholic students and faculty members, and that he has leveled broad, unsubstantiated charges against the university.

An example of Father Halton's personal attack can be found in one of his paid advertisements in the *Princetonian.* "I think the University must be cautioned," he wrote, "that we have in America men—some of whom have found here an expanding sanctuary for forty years and more, though not yet committed to our citizenship—who refer to themselves with rippling self-confidence as 'Catholic intellectuals' to cover an appalling ignorance of the teaching authority of the Church to which they as 'intellectuals' do not feel bound. You can recognize them at once . . . they do not subscribe to the ordinary canons of faith and morals, they are always neutral with something of the airlessness of summer in a continental city; by the normal standard they are *as Catholics* intellectually invertebrate, much given to good fellowship at a heart level —usually over a cup of tea or a House of Lords and Schweppes—no thought, no provocation, no cutting edge, just a bit of the patter of Catholicism. . . ."

This is not, as it might appear, merely a general charge. The seemingly gratuitous comments between the dashes identify for the academic community an Englishman long resident in this country, the Dean of the Graduate School, Dr. Hugh Stott Taylor. Dr. Taylor is an eminent scientist and Catholic who has been signally honored both by his scientific peers and by the Pope. In one of the brief autobiographies included in a recent Sheed and Ward publication, *Born Catholics,* Dr. Taylor offers an admirable account of the Catholic in a non-sectarian school. His own life-work is itself a testimony to the principles he has expressed there. In the light of his accomplishments the implied charges of Father Halton's statement are ex-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

traordinary, to say nothing of their mode of presentation.

Much has already been said about the criticism of the renowned Jacques Maritain, but Father Halton recently continued it in a letter to an editor of a secular newspaper, the Manchester *Union Leader*. In this letter he asserted as "clearly established" M. Maritain's "ability to coexist in a conspiracy of silence with intrinsically evil teaching," accused him of bringing "unprincipled pressure in high places," and referred slightingly to "Dr. Maritain's curious search for a common denominator in a pluralist society." And without naming M. Maritain but immediately after a reference to him he wrote: "Too many professors of all faiths and no faith will betray almost every loyalty to find security and fellowship in the pseudo-liberal Establishment."

M. Maritain's work stands as the accumulation of years of patient and profound intellectual labor. He has served as representative to the Vatican; he was the first recipient of the Aquinas Medal presented by the American Catholic Philosophical Association; and, at the recent Congress of Lay Apostles in Rome, Archbishop Montini, former acting Secretary of State of Pope Pius XII, digressed from his text to pay high tribute to M. Maritain. None of these honors puts his work beyond thoughtful criticism, of course, but in a just appraisal the epithets and implications of Father Halton have no place.

THE SWEEPING charge has been common with Father Halton: "The teachings of some professors at Princeton are doing more harm than all the writings of Karl Marx taken together." The A.A.U.P. (American Association of University Professors) is responsible for "abuses more serious than have been found in . . . the Teamsters Union," and there is "more licentiousness in the A.A.U.P. than in the Communist Party." It is a daring man who ventures to judge the amount of harm flowing from the writings of Marx, but one hardly knows what to say of a man who ascribes yet greater influence and harm to a group of Princeton professors. The degree of "licentiousness" within the Communist Party would be difficult even for a Communist sociologist to ascertain, but to claim it is exceeded by American professors is to see beyond what can be known. Such charges are meaningless, of course, since the comparisons are not based on ascertainable evidence, yet they are hurtful and inflammatory, since the comparisons are made in terms of racketeers and Communists. The intellectual integrity, honesty and patriotism of the professors is clearly and gravely impugned by such statements.

Father Halton has also relied upon the effect of unsubstantiated charges. Early in 1957 he revealed plans for a speech at a "large mid-western university" where, he said, he would be specific in his charges against the A.A.U.P. Later he claimed that Princeton authorities had pressured this university to cancel his speech but, even when the authorities denied this, he would not disclose the name of the university in order that the charge could be investigated.

When Harvard University invited Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer to give the William James lectures Father Halton said he hoped Dr. Oppenheimer would discuss the means by which information concerning nuclear armaments was sent to Russia. "I do not believe for one moment he has revealed what he knows about the matter." When asked to elaborate on this sentence Father Halton said he had private information about Dr. Oppenheimer, but he has never revealed the information nor has he substantiated his implied charge.

He also said that he was shocked to find that studies of graduating classes since 1880 showed fifty-seven per cent of the Catholics who graduated from Princeton had lost their faith. This is a statement that has been widely quoted and is clearly detrimental to the university and to the alumni; yet the information that would be necessary before such a definite conclusion could be drawn is simply not available. Nor, taken only as an impression, does it correspond with the opinions of faculty members of long standing.

THESE EXAMPLES of Father Halton's "criticism" are not isolated; they could readily be multiplied. Nor were they limited to sermons, letters and advertisements. They contributed to a series of lectures Father Halton gave in a twenty-one-stop tour across the country. It is clear that along with proper academic criticism there are mingled irresponsible and harmful attacks.

The University did not withdraw official recognition from Father Halton because he offered a vigorous defense of Catholicism. It has repeatedly stated that a chaplain has a right to defend the faith and morals of those committed to his care. Nor would it appear that most of those who wrote to Father Halton in his support thought that the issue turned on Catholicism, for, according to his statement, of the "5,480 letters and several hundred telegrams, 95 per cent came from non-Catholics." That Father Halton has based his "criticisms" on his position as a Catholic chaplain should not obscure this fact.

The decision of the University did not derive from a political basis. Father Halton has suggested that by rejecting Christianity men almost necessarily reject the political consequences of Christianity, and he has spoken stirringly of "abusive liberalism" within the universities. But his opinions on this score do not demand that one impugn, as he did, the integrity and patriotism of those who hold different metaphysical, religious or political positions.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Neither the defense of Catholicism nor the support of a particular political position could justify the irresponsible attacks which forced the university to withdraw courtesies from Father Halton. No issue of academic freedom is here involved. Father Halton was never a faculty member. As he himself asserted, his position was based on courtesies mutually extended. When, for the reasons given, the university felt that he had violated these courtesies they were withdrawn. He remains free to speak as he did before. If the students wish, they can invite him to speak on campus as they would any other person. He continues to minister to those Catholics who choose to attend the Aquinas Foundation, excluding some of those unsympathetic to his views who were requested to go elsewhere to fulfill their obligations as Catholics. The university merely declines to extend its approval, to lend its name to his harmful attacks.

And the attacks, of course, have not stopped. After the suspension of his privileges Father Halton prepared a statement which said: "President Goheen and the trustees have only one purpose, to suppress rational debate and intelligent criticism." One can, of course, legitimately question the prudence of the trustees' action. After examining the evidence, however, it is impossible to state that Father Halton has made a practice of rational debate or intelligent criticism.

Having commented on the painful situation at Princeton, it is good to be able to say that this does not represent the typical relation between Catholic chaplains and the universities to which they are assigned. Catholic chaplains are much needed on the campuses of non-sectarian schools, where they fulfill a demanding, difficult task. It would be foolish to minimize the opposition Catholics often encounter on such campuses and a Catholic chaplain must often bear the brunt of it. Catholics who would suggest that such opposition is non-existent or negligible speak with an optimism that would give pause to Pollyanna. But in this respect, the universities do little more than reflect the society in which the students will soon take their place.

One of the many grave responsibilities of the chaplain is to teach the student, by precept and example, how to extend and develop his faith within this society. Newman chaplains across the country have shown how this can be done and by doing so they have earned the respect and admiration of the entire community of which they are a part. All Catholics, and particularly those engaged in the academic life, are truly grateful to see such fruitful relations develop and, conversely, discouraged and grieved to see them diminished. Neither criticism nor approval of Father Halton should obscure, for Catholics or non-Catholics, the great need of the chaplains and the great good they accomplish.

Fashion a la Russe

Soviet women are no longer content to be the world's worst-dressed women outside of Asia

by GUNNAR D. KUMLIEN

FOREIGN VISITORS to the U.S.S.R. agree more and more that the average Russian, as soon as he is able to deal without fear with foreigners, seems to have a boundless admiration for "the fabulous West," combined with a minority complex about being a Russian. This admiration is sometimes even completely uncritical, including everything from rock 'n roll and Western fashions to Western literature and Western poetry. The reservations about Western culture which may be heard are mostly echoes of the official propaganda and seem to be more alibi than anything else.

Mr. Kumlien, The Commonweal's regular correspondent in Rome, recently returned from a trip to the U.S.S.R.

Interestingly enough, women are apparently more impatient than men to learn about the West, and the reason is a delightfully frivolous one: they simply do not want to be any longer the world's worst-dressed women outside of Asia. As things stand now, Russian women obviously feel inferior, not only to the women of the West, but even to the women from other Communist countries, like Poland and Yugoslavia and even China. And, as the Kremlin had better learn, "That which woman desires, God desires."

On one occasion I asked a young Russian Communist, who did not look like a Russian, what his nationality was. He seemed agreeably surprised and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

asked me whether he did not look like a Russian. When I said that he looked more like an Englishman or an American, he smiled happily and said: "Thank you. That is a compliment." Several other Russians I met were similarly delighted if they were taken for Westerners and boasted about it.

So men are not immune to this question of fashion. But the women feel it the most, and they have good reason. One may walk in the streets of Moscow for hours without seeing one really beautiful woman. The Russian women seem to have been worn out before they have had time to bloom. Most of them look very short and stocky, and many have unhealthy grayish complexions and poor hair. Yet beautiful Russian women did exist in the old days, not only among the higher classes, but also among the peasants. Why are they gone?

One of the reasons is found in the truly pathetic dresses and shoes Russian women are compelled to wear. In Warsaw a couple of years ago, I had a long talk with the Polish Minister of Culture; one of the things we discussed was fashions. He readily agreed that Polish women were badly dressed, as compared with women from the West, but he was quick to point out that Polish women were far better dressed than Russian women and his contempt for their way of dressing seemed to be without limits. This was in pre-Gomulka times, and the difference is still greater now; yet the clothes of Polish women can in no way be compared to Western standards.

Another reason for the poor appearance of the Russian women seems to be the heavy work to which they are submitted. The rhythm of work in all Communist countries, both for men and women, is much more intense than in the West, even if the results never seem to be in proportion to it. The women particularly seem to be overworked, and in the huge Moscow crowds there are women's faces which are tired to the point of being expressionless, as if somehow they had been blotted out.

ONE DAY IN a bus in the suburbs of Moscow I had managed to get a seat, in spite of the fact that the bus was almost unbelievably crowded. I noticed a woman of about fifty standing just in front of me and looking so overworked and tired that I decided to stand and give her my seat. Her hands grasping the handle of the seat in front of me looked like claws and, in spite of the fact that she looked rather sturdy, her whole appearance was appalling. Her reaction, however, was most surprising. She caught both my arms, and I felt the unexpected strength in her hands as she tried to force me down on my seat again. Soon we were engaged in real wrestling match and again I was amazed by her strength. Finally I landed on my seat again, as I did not want to insist too much and her devastated face was illuminated by a friendly grin, as she beat her flat chest and said: "Russian women are strong!" To judge by the expressions of the onlookers, her behavior was not exaggerated, but quite normal.

In that respect Russian women have an attitude which resembles very much the attitude of the women in Southern Europe: there, men are not expected to attend upon the women; on the contrary, women humbly attend upon the men. Servants are nearly as rare in the U.S.S.R. as in England, but Russian men very rarely have to do housework.

Beauty contests are not yet allowed in the Soviet Union, but if the present trend continues, they may soon be. Beautiful and typically Russian types are to be found mainly among the Russian mannequins. Fashion shows in Moscow are interesting not for the dresses, which are usually bad, State-controlled imitations of what is already out of fashion in the West, but precisely for the mannequins. Among them, however few they are, there is slowly developing a typically Russian type which recalls the famous Russian beauties of the past. But still it is only a beginning, a sort of raw material out of which an ideal Russian type could be made.

The strange thing is that there seems to be a kind of incompatibility between Communism and female beauty. Perhaps this sounds superficial and frivolous, but there really seems to be something in it. Wherever in Communist countries pretty women are to be found, it is a safe bet that they are, if not actually hostile to Communism, at least completely indifferent to it. The absence of female beauty within the Communist organizations in the West is striking and in Italy, where the Communists are numerous, it has become a standing joke, not only among non-Communists but even among Communists, who are unable to account for it.

EARLIER, there existed in the Communist countries something which might be called Communist puritanism. It boiled down to this: as sex has a tendency to occupy considerable time and interest among young people, it is better to draw their attention from it as much as possible, in order to channel their energies into five-year plans and other social tasks. For a long

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

time the atmosphere in Communist countries has been most austere, and sex has been treated almost as if it did not exist. Up to now, for instance, Communist films have been rather prudish, and in everyday life anything which might direct attention to sex has been scrupulously avoided. This applies as well to sexual instruction of children, where the existing handbooks recall those of Victorian England. Coeducation has been avoided.

This policy has been a manifestation of a purely utilitarian "social morality" without ethical aspects, of course, for these are not recognized by Marxism-Leninism. And yet the result has often been surprising. Visitors from the West have more than once been struck by the innocence of young girls and of young men.

All this is now about to change. The official stand remains that sex is overemphasized in the West; psychoanalysis is still considered "unscientific"; Alfred Kinsey is unknown even to Russians who otherwise are surprisingly well informed about the West; but all this is melting away before the eagerness of the young to follow Western examples. Rock 'n roll has become a craze among Russian teenagers and seems to appeal to their Russian lack of inhibition and primitive vitality. Coeducation is favored more and more, and the young Russian *"stiliagin"* or teddyboys have become a chronic problem. Talk of overpopulation is no longer considered a "bourgeois propaganda trick," and legal abortions are granted more readily than before. Mothers formerly made heroines of the Soviet Union for the number of their children appear less and less frequently at public ceremonies; they are fading from official acclaim exactly as did the shock-workers or *Stakhanovites* with their medals and the poor health which was the frequent consequence of past excesses.

Much has been written about those recent Russian books, such as *Not By Bread Alone,* and about the new tendencies in Russian films which allow more room than before to the subjective pursuit of individual happiness, independently of all social, ideological or collective pressures or even in opposition to them. On this score the U.S.S.R. is lagging behind other Communist countries where liberalization has gone further, but it is already clear that the Russian women are now allowed to dream of romance more than at any time since the October revolution. And such is their hunger that no power is likely to be able to check the trend.

Thus there are already new tendencies discernible, however slight, among Russian women, even where the care of babies is concerned. Until recently Russian babies have been closely swaddled until they were fifteen months old, in order "to straighten their legs" as the people say. American psychiatrists like Edward Strecker, among others, have seen in this fact one of the reasons why the Russian masses have tolerated without revolt a regime which they have suffered now for nearly forty years. This restriction of their freedom at such an early stage, they say, makes them inclined as adults to tolerate other and worse restrictions. However this may be, the fact remains that more and more young Russian mothers let their babies struggle freely, in this again following the example of the West.

Granted that these are all small things, and perhaps of no great immediate consequence in themselves. But it is possible that even these relatively unimportant facts may tell us something significant about happenings inside the Soviet Union today.

Expulsion of the Teamsters

Considering the weight of the charges, it is surprising that they got as much support as they did

by JOHN C. CORT

FOR A little while it looked as though James Hoffa might make a monkey out of those of us who had predicted that the Teamsters would be expelled from the A.F.L.-C.I.O. For several days and nights, and even early dawns, before the opening of the big convention at Atlantic City on December 5th, the boardwalk was littered with rumors that Hoffa wanted to see George Meany. There were reports that one or both were ready to compromise and that, specifically, Hoffa was willing to forego his recent, and still disputed, election as president of the Teamsters.

Nothing came of all the talk, least of all Hoffa. He remained in New York, on trial for wiretapping (and he will be tried again) and Meany remained in Atlantic

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

City. There was no evidence that the stories of Hoffa making the supreme sacrifice were anything more than the wishful thoughts of nervous subordinates.

As predicted, the Teamsters departed from the convention breathing defiance and profanity. John English told the delegates, "As far as our enemies are concerned, they can all go straight to hell." He also told them, "Deep down in your hearts you know there is not a union connected here that is better than the Teamsters Union." If that were true, we would be in bad shape indeed.

Considering the weight of the charges against the Teamsters, it is a little surprising that they got as much support as they did. What debate there was from the floor, by leaders of six different international unions, was all opposed to expulsion. Most of the delegates seemed content to let George Meany risk the wrath of such a powerful union. But Meany's shoulders were broad enough and his voice strong enough to carry along with him the necessary two-thirds majority. It was actually a five-sixths majority: 10,458,598 to 2,-266,497, but the Teamsters (1,330,000) and four other suspended unions totaling nearly 300,000 members were not allowed to vote. Eight internationals abstained from voting.

On the roll call a total of ninety-four unions were recorded for expulsion, with twenty-one opposed and four split. All the opposition came from former A.F.L. organizations. Any way you look at it, this is a sizable minority—sizable but not alarming.

The movement to stop expulsion died even before the convention opened when the preliminary meeting of the Building Trades Department failed to develop an effective opposition. Dick Gray, belligerent Republican head of the department, wanted to threaten a walkout of all construction unions, but in the end wiser heads prevailed.

The department passed a unanimous resolution deploring the prospect of ouster for the Teamsters, but such is the logic of union politics that when it came to a vote a few days later eleven building trades unions (with 1,498,902 members) voted in favor of expulsion and only six unions (with 1,234,558 members) voted against.

IT IS HARD to believe that those who opposed expulsion of the Teamsters had read or listened to the report on which it was based, but every delegate received a copy of it when he first registered. The crux of it was the charge against Hoffa. No one in the labor movement, or the country, any longer believed that Dave Beck was anything but discredited and superfluous baggage. (Shortly after the convention this feeling was reinforced by Beck's conviction for larceny on a charge of selling a union Cadillac for his own enrichment.) It was the A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s demand that Hoffa, the new president of the Teamsters, resign from his post and his refusal to do so that underlay the whole issue of expulsion. Therefore, on the density and weight of those charges depended the entire issue. You would think that any intelligent delegate, somewhere between the beer and the skittles, would find it necessary to study them.

Since I have not anywhere, including the good gray *Times*, seen these charges in exact detail, I will recite a few of them for you:

1. ". . . A corporation, called Test Fleet Corporation, was set up by Commercial Carriers, a trucking company whose employees were covered by a collective bargaining agreement with the Teamsters Union. The president of Test Fleet was the attorney for the employer. Test Fleet's entire business consisted of leasing equipment to haul automobiles for the employer. Test Fleet had no employees and did no business other than receive rentals from the employer on the equipment. The business was entirely managed by the employer's accountant who received no compensation from Test Fleet except for one Christmas bonus. The employer arranged for the purchase of the equipment by Test Fleet on a down payment of $4,000, which was not paid until the first month's rental of $4,900 had been paid by the employer to Test Fleet. The balance of the purchase price was financed by a mortgage obtained by the employer upon their guarantee to a St. Louis bank used by the employer.

"Test Fleet was a very profitable operation, returning dividends of $125,000 between 1949 and 1956. Vice President Hoffa's wife and Mrs. Bert Brennan, wife of another Teamster official [Hoffa's assistant] were the *sole stockholders* in Test Fleet.

"Equally significant is the fact that this whole Test Fleet transaction came about *after* Vice President Hoffa settled a strike involving Teamsters Union and Commercial Carriers. . . . Upon settlement of the strike, nine of the drivers were discharged."

Translation: In exchange for a strike settlement that involved the discharge of nine members of Hoffa's union and in the hope of future favors, Commercial Carriers paid out $125,000, and additional payments continue to this present day.

In his appearance before the Ethical Practices Committee of the A.F.L.-C.I.O. Hoffa denied none of the facts which are quoted above from the Committee's report. He disputed only their impropriety.

IT SEEMS to me that this alone would be enough to condemn Hoffa as unfit to serve as an official of any labor organization.

Charge No. 2: "Vice President Hoffa admits that he borrowed some $18,000 from eleven different Teamster business agents during the period 1952-53. All of these business agents were under Hoffa's supervision or

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

control. . . . Apparently none of these sums has been repaid. All of these loans were made in cash, without collateral, without interest and without notes or evidence of indebtedness."

Translation: Hoffa received from eleven of his employees sums totaling $18,000 over a two-year period which he says, but without any supporting evidence, are "loans."

Charge No. 3: "The insurance carrier for the [health and welfare] funds under the jurisdiction of Hoffa is . . . the Union Casualty Company. . . . Virtually all the companies submitted bids with proposed retention rates of less than eleven per cent. Most of the bids ranged between eight and nine per cent. Union Casualty specified a retention rate of seventeen and a half per cent. Accordingly, the employer trustees were opposed to Union Casualty. However, the Union trustees, headed by Vice President Hoffa, insisted that the contract be given to Union Casualty. Finally, the employers agreed. Hoffa had previously engaged in private talks with Dr. Leo Perlman, executive vice-president and controlling force in Union Casualty. When the contracts were negotiated Perlman gave the industry trustee to understand that no commissions would be paid on this policy. The fact is that extensive commissions were paid to Union Insurance Agency of Illinois, a partnership composed of the wife and son of Paul Dorfman, a close friend of Vice President Hoffa. Dorfman has recently been expelled by the A.F.L.-C.I.O. from his position as president of a federally-affiliated local union. Dorfman's wife and son received commissions of over half a million dollars in a three-year period on this insurance. At the same time they engaged jointly with Hoffa in various business enterprises, in one of which Dr. Perlman, of the insurance company, was a participant."

Translation: Hoffa used his union position to give a lucrative contract to his own friends and business associates, despite the fact that these associates made a much higher bid than their competitors and proceeded to milk the fund of large sums of money, in violation of the original agreement. These monies came, indirectly, out of the pockets of his own members. Again, Hoffa made no attempt whatever to deny the truth of these allegations.

Charge No. 4: "There is no dispute that Vice President Hoffa has had dealings with John Dio (DioGuardi) since 1952 . . . The plain fact is that Johnny Dio was a well-known labor racketeer. . . . There is evidence that Hoffa interceded to obtain a charter from another international union for a Philadelphia ex-convict. There was similarly evidence that Hoffa had associated with, supported, sponsored, or hired various toughs and hoodlums in the Teamsters Central Conference area. Indeed, the list of many of Hoffa's proteges and friends reads like a rogue's gallery. The arrest records of these people cover everything from highway robbery to murder. We do not accept Hoffa's explanation that these associations were an attempt to rehabilitate juvenile delinquents."

No translation necessary.

CONCLUSION of the whole: The charges against James R. Hoffa were serious and damning, his defense weak and implausible. If such a man were allowed to remain at the head of the A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s largest and most powerful affiliate, labor in this country would suffer a black eye that would make all other black eyes look like beauty spots. It seems to me therefore that a vote to keep the Teamsters in the A.F.L.-C.I.O. was a vote arising out of either ignorance, moral indifferentism, fear of reprisals from the Teamsters, or some combination thereof.

Fortunately, such votes did not carry the day. And the prophets of doom were wrong when they predicted that the A.F.L.-C.I.O. would founder and split over this issue. It emerged from the ordeal smaller but stronger than it had been before and able to look any man squarely in the eye.

Eventually two other unions followed the Teamsters into exterior darkness: the Bakery and Confectionery Workers and the Laundry Workers. Two others, the United Textile Workers (not to be confused with the former C.I.O. Textile Workers Union) and the Distillery Workers, were given temporary reprieves and placed under supervision following promises to go and sin no more.

The convention did a number of other things of more or less importance. One of the most notable was to rear back and take a poke at the McClellan Committee, which the A.F.L.-C.I.O. has mostly praised and cooperated with up to this time. The poke, which I think is justified, was based on the complaint that Senator McClellan and friends seem to be much more interested in exposing corruption that bears a union label than they are in bringing to light similar indiscretions and improper conduct on the part of representatives of management.

The convention also took issue with Secretary of Labor Mitchell when he reported to the delegates coming moves by the Eisenhower Administration to pass new laws that would tighten up the federal govern-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ment's supervision of labor unions and even require secret ballot elections of officers.

Although I honestly believe that investigation would show that the vast majority of unions in this country require secret ballots whenever there is a contest for union office, still there is no doubt that a minority exists in which this is a problem. However, the labor movement can never be expected to accept such a law with good grace unless a matching requirement is made for the election of corporation officials.

Everything that was said and done at Atlantic City after the expulsion of the Teamsters on the second day was sheer anticlimax. It was almost as though the delegates were exhausted from the moral effort that went into that action.

And it was a moral effort. The fact is that the American labor movement, in that action, went most of the way toward purging itself of the racketeer blight, just as in 1949 it cleaned away the Communist stain when the C.I.O. threw out ten of its Communist-dominated affiliates.

That too was a hard and painful process. But the C.I.O. was better for it and American labor will be better for the fact that it has now laid it on the line. There may be a little of the Hoffa in all of us, and more than a little in some of the labor leaders who were not even mentioned at Atlantic City, but that fact doesn't alter the further fact that any institution that cannot bring itself to fight Hoffaism is already on the road to living death.

THE LINEN BANDS

I did not hear the nameless angels, or
the named, attend my ordination rite,
as grade school sisters often calculate
in 2nd nocturn flights. Instead, the floor
of our cathedral sanctuary picked
a leather and a mortal sound to press
within my ear, not waiting for surprise:
a priest came up to me on heels that clicked.
He carried, as a precious cargo, bands
of linen. Though I knew the moment spelled
a symbol from our liturgy, and held
no shock, still I would notify my hands,
dozing in olive brighter than a tree.
The priest unbolted strands of white, and bound
my thumbs and fingers, like an open wound.
Thus I was tied to Christ, or Christ to me.

Today the other ceremonies dim:
the sober candle shadowing my face,
the calling of my name and how I rose,
the chanting to Augustine, Magdalen,
the Virgin, and the saints who terrify,
my body lying in a marble groove
of floor, the handing and the handling of
the instruments, a preface aimed too high,
an awful weight of hands upon my head,
the bee drone of the Latin in our Mass,
a chasuble as heavy as a cross,
my *hoc est enim corpus* firmly said.
But those are images for which I grope,
far in the mind; and if I now recall
their point and power, I seem to feel
the pull of thread as woven as a rope.

It would be poetry to open up
my store of feelings and to play a prank
with them, by saying I was wholly drunk
as an apostle on a flowing cup
of recent grape, as James perhaps, or Paul;
or that I gallivanted into night
with stars and music and a weaving gait,
as flushed as David after harping Saul.
No, rather I was like a man struck dumb,
and doomed to listen to the fountainhead
of silence. I remember how I slipped
from church to find my people who had come
to see the *miracle* (my brother's word,
exaggerated as his sudden kiss),
and how my mother wept with woman ease;
and how my hands, now free, were briefly stirred.

My hands are busy in a blessing way
since then, and they absolve and they unite,
and in our several sacraments, anoint;
they pour a water that is life. Today
I pause to wonder why they often shake
when lifting bread so light within the Mass,
or why, when sometimes touching other flesh
they want to yield: and yet they do not break.
Priest hands—ah there's the holy rub, as Will
might pun it—and I live to comprehend
the meaning underneath the stringy bond
that holds them to an unseen love, and hill.
Each time I watch a young man pray, then go,
my facile breath grows audible and tight,
and mind re-girds the will with strips of white
that have the burning quality of snow.

RAYMOND ROSELIEP.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE STAGE

THE FIELD OF VANITY

WYCHERLY'S randy farce of instinct, "The Country Wife," has held its place in the English repertory for very little short of three centuries: a security of grasp to which some honor is due, as well as praise for the play's admirable ingenuity of situation and undeniable quality of mind. There is, too, in that fact, some sly comment on hot Anglo-Saxon prurience, when we consider that "The Country Wife" exhibits an insolence and sexual audacity unprecedented in our dramatic literature. Much of that shock seems neutralized today, a snuffling matter of verbal effrontery—of pox and pest and cuckold and eunuch—to which we respond initially with distaste and then with ennui. Yet in his central conceit, borrowed though borrowed well from Terence, Wycherly found a way of appealing to something constant in our nature and in our wit; with the changes he rings on the motif of Mr. Horner—the clever gallant who enlarges his opportunity by having a fictitious impotence bruited about the town—Wycherly raises innuendo and even the dirty joke to something very like a low kind of permanent human interest.

One must grant this much to "The Country Wife"; and yet it is deficient in some elusive tone and finality, wanting in a completion, fullness of life, the absence of which may be felt by comparison with, say, Molière or Aristophanes. "Lysistrata" runs with the same juice of carnal glee as "The Country Wife," but it is tender as well as ripe, taking the body as a *dear* joke. Aristophanes knew riot and high summer in the blood as well as any, but he knew the gaieties of reason and value too. In the last analysis, he was interested not in one thing alone—sexuality—but in many.

To Molière, whose plays Wycherly and his fellows quite rifled, one may with some adjustment pay a comparable tribute. He sheds on the world and on his art a radiance equable and just, lucid always, and discovering, behind these careful screens of pattern and French rectitude, a pain gentle, oblique and insistent. Nothing of this in Wycherly: we feel that his work is inadequate as a comment on life, and unsatisfactory as a venture in art. He gives out that same ennui of intolerable detachment we sense after any prolonged experience of the Restoration dramatists—a fatigue which issues not from an excessive presence, but from an absence, and a failure not of style but of value. Ultimately, the vice of this society was not its pursuit of pleasure, but its use of pleasure as the field of vanity. The Restoration dramatists lived in a world uprooted from that soil of rational orders, of magnanimity and poise, which gave its last richness to Shakespeare; only the best of them, Congreve, had the esthetic abstinence and endowment to build such crystalline palaces of language, all iridescence and jet.

Wycherly *criticized* the age of which he was a not unwilling victim, and except at a profound, even unconscious level, nothing withers so quickly. He is best seen, perhaps, as the chronicler of a hard, coarse, self-obsessed society, formal without elegance, taken up with gaming, gawking and sexual malice and vanity; from him, one looks ahead in a diminishing perspective to Hogarth's London, roiling and seamy, all gin and Bedlam as the crowds jostle pell-mell up the road to Tyburn. In the human sense, Wycherly is not the moralist his contemporaries imagined, nor the rooting satyr over whose weary decline Macaulay crows so smugly: he is rather a melancholy, terse comment—cautionary if you will, pathetic surely, though perhaps not too interesting—on the limits of the senses and the self.

What, at his best, Wycherly does convey—and here one arrives gratefully at something to praise—is a tangy image of masculine force: husky, lithe, insinuating and dangerous: if the idea of Don Juan is one of the great phantoms of Western imagination, it is not too much to see in this ironically inverted figure of Mr. Horner something of its intermittent flicker and dusky gleam. (The impotency motif, of course, only heightens the intellectual insolence, emotional abstraction and sexual freebootery which are the constants of this male archetype.) It is manifest that a society such as ours, which relishes complex sentiments but must pay the penalty for having them, will be uncertain in its response to such a figure: it might romanticize—hence muddy—him, or worse still, engage in rigid and fruitless denunciations. We should do much better to take this Wycherly shadow of Don Juan as extravagant sport: a heady anarchist, assured in his powers of control, uninvolved, full of a deep but not self-corroding contempt for the social hypocrisies of virtue. This is to render him morally neutral, and at least accessible; it is also, I am aware, to invest him with more density than did Wycherly. There remains the difficulty, acute at any time, but specially so in a society as sexually nervous and unstable as our own, of how to represent without offense the theme of impotence. *(To be concluded.)*

RICHARD HAYES.

THE SCREEN

THE FACE OF WAR

WHY THE FRENCH are unhappy about an American film called "Paths of Glory" is obvious. The movie, based on Humphrey

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Cobb's novel of World War I, is a bitter indictment of war and French injustice. It concerns the failure of a French Regiment to take Ant Hill, a well-fortified German position practically impossible to take, and the subsequent punishment that is meted out by the officers to the foot soldiers under their command. Although James B. Harris's production of this grim story (which is based on fact) is good and Stanley Kubrick's direction spares no feelings in portraying the horrors of war, "Paths of Glory" is not entirely successful. It is so relentless in its determination to condemn war that it becomes at times almost unbearable to watch. Even a well-made picture needs first to win audiences if it wants to put over its worthy theme.

While watching "Paths of Glory" it is difficult to believe that the vindictive general, well played by George Macready, will be successful in his plan to have each of three company commanders select one man to stand court martial for cowardice in the face of the enemy. Kirk Douglas is excellent as the colonel who defends the men at the trial but fails to save them from the firing squad. In a painful and impressive scene, these three innocent men, whose only crime was belonging to a company that was part of a regiment in a division that failed to take an objective, are executed. The aftermath is equally startling when the commanding general (perfectly played by Adolphe Menjou) offers Douglas the generalship from which he will demote Macready. The French may well say that this kind of politics and chicanery might go on in any country and is not limited just to the military; the film will, indeed, make all men of good will uncomfortable.

THE UNHOLY face of war is also seen in "Raintree County," but so is practically everything else. This pretentious film tries to cover so much in its lengthy running time that it never comes to grips with any subject. I'm not sure what Producer David Lewis had in mind—unless it was to make another "Gone With the Wind," which "Raintree County" certainly isn't. The film, covering six years from 1859, tells the story of an idealistic Indiana boy who is tricked into marriage by a Southern belle. The ups and downs of their married life, which has considerably more downs than ups because of the wife's unstable mental condition and the tragedies of the Civil War, form the thread of the story. Throughout the whole film is the symbolism of the Golden Raintree, planted somewhere in America by Johnny Appleseed, which would bring love and happiness and the secret of life to its finder.

The main faults of "Raintree County" as a film lie in Millard Kaufman's script (from the book by Ross Lockridge, Jr.) which is more narrative than dramatic, and in the direction of Edward Dmytryk who also is rather bookish in his technique. Too often the movie seems like a long heavily-handled tome about a group of unlikely characters instead of characters in action. Unfortunately Montgomery Clift, who has been a good actor, doesn't sparkle in the lead role, which requires his presence in so many scenes; and Eva Marie Saint, an attractive and good actress, also trudges along the thankless role of the other woman, who even waits around somewhat foolishly after his marriage. And still another good actor, Nigel Patrick from England, is strangely allowed to ham it up in a part that seems to be written for comedy relief; but, if he overdoes the role of the professor-journalist who flits in and out of the other characters' lives, he's at least lively and dramatic about it. Outstanding in her portrayal is beautiful Elizabeth Taylor, the hero's Southern wife, looking lovely as she drips magnolia and quite convincing as she worries about having Negro blood and even when she breaks down completely. It isn't Miss Taylor's fault that the wife's solution to the triangle is so contrived. In the supporting cast, Lee Marvin, Rod Taylor, Agnes Moorehead and others cope as best they can with roles that are only sketched in.

"Raintree County" excels pictorially in stunning Technicolor and MGM's new Camera 65, which show off the locales beautifully. Edward Dmytryk does his panorama scenes so well that one wishes that the intimate scenes were equally effective. The costumes and sets are excellent, and add greatly to the scenes where the characters occasionally come alive: Eva Marie Saint declaring her love for Clift; Lee Marvin in the war sequences; Elizabeth Taylor struggling not to be overwhelmed by her sad past. Perhaps what "Raintree County" really needs is more dramatic highlights and less mooning about a tree in which that old bluebird of happiness is going to turn up. Clift tries to polish that one off when he says, "The Raintree is not so important as what you find while looking for it." What he finds isn't very exciting.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

OF NOTE

GAMBLING AND MORALITY

IN ITS issue of November 30, the *Pilot*, official organ of the Archdiocese of Boston (49 Franklin St., Boston 10, Mass.) discusses the question of morality and legal and illegal gambling. The complete editorial follows:

There is a very impressive effort under way among Protestants locally which deserves the sympathetic at-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tention of the Catholic community. It is to be sure a matter on which we have quite distinct moral points of view, but surely one in which we share a common interest. The subject is that of organized gambling in Massachusetts.

For our Protestant neighbors gambling is apparently a matter which is immoral in itself; even seemingly innocent parlor games of chance, it seems, have a pronounced evil flavor and should be discouraged. If this is their religious opinion, we have of course no quarrel with it but we plainly do not share it. In the matter of gambling, from the Catholic view, we look much less at the game than at the one involved in it. The element of chance is not the moral hazard but the ability of the person concerned to squander money on such a recreation. If the monies involved are not monies which should properly be spent elsewhere gambling as a sport is just about as morally indifferent as the next game.

Protestants, then, look at this matter with a concern which touches the subject itself—they oppose gambling because they have moral scruples in its regard. Catholics on the other hand have no pressing moral anxiety about the gambling itself, but are very concerned about the tangential question of the gambler's neglect of more significant responsibilities in favor of his gambling. It is not likely that either of these points of view will be shifting. We have taken care to point out in the last two issues of our paper that the Lottery was an active institution in earlier times in Massachusetts and even a few churches, not to mention schools, were built with its aid. Whether Protestant opposition is one of principle or policy is not important for the moment; however, we must look beyond this question to the local gambling condition itself.

Everyone admits that the portion of gambling which lies outside the law represents a very dangerous threat to the health of the community. Whatever may be one's moral dispositions on gambling as such, *illegal* gambling must be condemned and *not merely because it is illegal.* The by-products of illegal gambling are deadly poisons which drip into the stream of community life and affect in some manner every member of society. Where illegal, organized gambling flourishes it does so with the permission, not to say the connivance, of law enforcement officials. It is ridiculous to pretend that these operations which are supported by citizens in the community can be operated even for a while without police knowledge. You must make the decision—either the police do not know and are incompetent, or they know and they are involved. This is a grave community hazard — the undermining of public confidence in law enforcement officials—and it is permitted at the peril of our total social ruin.

Moreover there is another item. Organized, illegal gambling becomes very soon a big operation and a wealthy one. This means power, and with power, corruption, as unscrupulous people move in to make a killing. Gangsterism is soon followed by more deadly problems like narcotics, prostitution and the rest. The course is downhill, and it is swift. Even if we have no moral scruples on gambling, we have genuine anxiety over the products which can follow in its trail.

Some people have suggested that the crusade against gambling is an attempt by Protestants to write into the law their own special sectarian teachings and it should not be encouraged by those of us who believe differently. Let us take a long and thoughtful look at the subject in all its implications before we embrace this last view. The future health of the total community is likely to be involved in our present action on illegal gambling. Can we afford to remain uncommitted?

THE CATHOLIC WORKER

January, 1958

A Farmer in "Psycho"
RICHARD FICHTER

Chrystie Street
KERRAN DUGAN

In the Market Place
AMMON HENNACY

On Pilgrimage
DOROTHY DAY

Subscription 25¢ per year. Foreign 80¢.
Bundle orders, 10 or more copies,
1¢ per copy plus postage.

Free Sample Copy on Request

The Catholic Worker
GRamercy 5-9180
223 Chrystie Street New York 2, N.Y.

SPRING TERM SUBSCRIPTIONS
to The Commonweal

13c each copy in bulk orders of 10 or more copies. A free copy is added for instructor or distributor.

Write: CLASSROOM SUBSCRIPTIONS
The Commonweal
386 Fourth Ave., New York 16, N.Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

On the Theater—With Wisdom and Enthusiasm

PIECES AT EIGHT. By Walter Kerr. *Simon and Schuster.* $3.95.

By EDWIN KENNEBECK

"ONE OF THE first things a New York newspaper critic learns is that he must all but explode with enthusiasm if he is to push people into the theaters at all. The fact that he is willing to do so, willing to perjure himself above and beyond his actual respect for a play . . . in the cause of theatrical liveliness is the real measure of his devotion to his trade."

In these words, with many astute explanations and qualifications, Walter Kerr cheerfully invites us not to take daily drama reviewers too seriously. In offering this invitation, I fear, he is not being fair to himself. I, for one, do take his reviews seriously; to my mind he is—when all is said and done—the best of New York's seven daily theater critics. There *are* some things to be said and done, but it is safe to note that anyone who misses Kerr's comments in the *Herald Tribune* on the morning after an opening usually misses the clearest, wittiest, and most readable newspaper essay on the quality of the production. This book reflects Kerr's virtues, and raises some questions.

One of Kerr's principal problems, then, seems to be that he is not free to indicate that a well-performed, second-rate play is second-rate. He is not free because, according to his view of the state of American theater, it might be unfair to the play; presumably, having to choose, from time to time, between over-encouraging the public a little and helping to shorten the life of a fairly good production, Kerr chooses in favor of the theater. He thus takes a brave risk to his reputation. Why not risk being completely candid, and let the other critics "perjure" themselves? Is it because he may feel that he is more influential than he will admit?

This question of the influence of newspaper critics is courageously taken up by Kerr. He says, in effect, "No, the individual critic is not really very influential" (giving statistics to prove it), "and his influence is too strong because of the docility of the hit-conscious audience." Though this sounds like a grave lapse in logic, it actually makes sense as a reflection of the paradoxical situation of the American stage.

The state of our theater could not possibly be clearly defined and explained, partly because the general terms used in discussing theater are often difficult to use with precision. Kerr points out, for example, that the revival of Shaw's "Misalliance" failed to win an adequate audience even though the reviewers were in favor of it, while "Fanny" drew a large audience for a long time despite reviews that were not totally encouraging. But there is perhaps less paradox here than seems at first evident because of the problem of different meanings of "audience." Probably the mass of people who enjoyed the musical "Fanny" was more susceptible to publicity pressures and less interested in newspaper reviews; and the group of persons likely to be interested in the talky delights of "Misalliance" might have been—very simply—smaller. So that the question of the *quality* of the two productions is still untouched. And so on. As Kerr says, "Reviews constitute one variable element in a great complex of elements."

He ends his discussion of influence by saying, "We cannot help but turn to the stage itself and ask what has happened on it during the last forty or fifty years to so bore, distress, and alienate an audience that it should become willing to surrender all its rights . . . and beg for the protective guidance of men who are hired for the purpose . . . . We can't really believe in the power of the critics without also believing in the poverty of the stage."

Let us by all means believe in both. What is to be done? Kerr defines his job by saying that first of all a critic must observe "the one root fact of theatrical life: the play is either getting over or it is not getting over. His task—this is the true historical role of criticism—is to explain the fact which confronts him." Here is another example of his being unfair to himself, for his judgment is more independent than such an explanation would imply; and here also he raises the question, To which part of the audience is the play getting over?

Kerr would not want to set himself up as a "tastemaker"; he declines the role of "judicial" critic in favor of that of the "interpretative." But it would do us no harm to have more "judicial" critics, who would admit to being independent of majority audience reaction, and more who would be willing to repeat—with something like Kerr's pleasant talent for specification—that "success" has several meanings; that a recent successful musical drama, for instance, and a more recent successful play are (as currently presented) to a great extent products not of dedication to an original and telling image of life but of a commitment to what Francis Fergusson calls "the authority of the market."

Such products emerge on Broadway as largely artificial syntheses of those tested elements (conjoined, it is true, with some genuine imagination and power) most likely to get across to the greatest number of theater-goers. These elements, the over-tenderized sentiments and noisy surprises, false images, work their automatic fascination on a paying public and, in addition, pretend to reflect the fact of reality; worse than cheap, they are untrue.

Walter Kerr, of course, is not to blame for this situation. Perhaps nobody is. Every intelligent playgoer knows these criticisms. Louis Kronenberger has remarked that that they should be taken to reflect not so much "what's wrong with the theater in terms of its plays, but rather what's wrong with America

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in terms of its theater." Yet it might be helpful if more critics decided that they loved the theater in a way that would make them lean harder on its profounder failings. To point out that Shakespeare wrote his plays with the box office in mind is not of much use; he had more than that in mind.

Several times, in commenting for instance on Tennessee Williams or Graham Greene, Kerr does touch sagely on the larger implications of serious drama. And he offers helpful suggestions about practical improvements in theater techniques. This third book of his is, in fact, much more various than I have so far indicated. Kerr has a thousand things to tell about. Audaciously and affably open to many a theoretical argument, he discusses numerous theater matters with wisdom and enthusiasm—whether they be the possibilities of repertory theater ("We'll get it when it's to the obvious advantage of everybody in sight,") or the tiny, perfect gestures and flawlessly feeble intonations with which Beatrice Lillie lays her audience low.

Personal Outrage

7 YEARS' SOLITARY. By Edith Bone. Harcourt. $4.50.

By JAMES GREENE

DR. EDITH Bone's account of her seven years as a prisoner of the Communists in Hungary differs radically from other books of its kind: it contains no ideological debate between captive and captor, no attempt to assess the crisis of history of which her imprisonment is but one of a thousand symptoms. The omission seems even stranger when Dr. Bone's own history of twenty years in the Communist Party is taken into account.

But that membership, and her reaction to seven long years in solitary, is extremely personal; Dr. Bone's shock at each new deceit of the Communists demonstrates how apolitical are her motivations. She reveals in her own history the type of elderly lady to be found each May Day in Union Square calling for the immediate liberation of the working class to small audiences composed mainly of F.B.I. agents.

Imprisoned as a "British spy" while in Budapest to translate scientific texts, Dr. Bone is content to dismiss the charges against her as simple fabrications and to set down the detail of her life for the next seven years. A woman of sixty-one when she was first placed behind bars, her method of survival is fascinating to follow. No small contribution to that survival was Dr. Bone's capacity for outrage. After years of isolation, inhabiting dungeons and dank cells, the woman was able to go into a rage about not being allowed a barber to cut her hair. A Hungarian herself, she was able effectively to badger her captors— an inept band of time-servers by her account— and at times even to frighten them into giving her what she wanted.

But conversations with her jailors were rare events; between were long periods of solitude. These Dr. Bone occupied in ingenious ways: by taking mental journeys across the Europe she knew so well, back to her adopted England; by manufacturing glue from the mealy soup served to her as food and using this to bind volumes of her diary; by constructing an abacus of black bread and taking inventories of words she knew in several different languages. Clearly, Dr. Bone was a woman of deep resources, equipped with a stubborn mind her captors could not influence.

While only the tragic Hungarian revolution of 1956 freed her, the reasons for her imprisonment remain hidden. But they were undoubtedly political ones, since one of her minor intentions on her visit to Budapest was to write features on Hungarian Communism for the British *Daily Worker*. When queried by the Hungarians, that publication denied all knowledge of her, although articles by her had appeared in its pages.

At one point she is told that her confession as a British spy is "expected and required" of her "as a matter of political expediency." Her reply to that demand is typical: "Either I am such a good Communist that the Party can and does expect and require such sacrifices from me. But in that case, why are you keeping me in your infamous prison . . . If, on the other hand I am not such a good Communist and deserve being kept in a filthy cellar as a traitor and an enemy, then what business has the Party with me? The Party should repudiate me and refuse to have anything to do with me." The righteousness confounds her captors.

But plainly Dr. Bone's imprisonment served the ends of Communist Hungary's foreign and domestic policies in the 1949-56 period. Her own story, while not a great addition to the literature of imprisonment, provides further testimony to the inhumanity of the Hungarian regime; the plain simple directness of her outrage washes away the house-of-cards dialectic erected to support the activities of that regime.

Written fifty years ago, Dr. Bone's book would have been enough to touch off an international incident—today it deserves to be read in order to understand the warped processes by which men can dehumanize themselves enough to accomplish atrocity.

Knowing God

GOD AND THE WAYS OF KNOWING. By Jean Daniélou, S. J. Translated by Walter Roberts. Meridian. $3.75.

By LEO R. WARD

THE GREAT merit of this work translated from Father Daniélou's *Dieu et nous* is its comprehensiveness. If we are to talk about ways of knowing God, we have first of all to talk about the ways in which people on all levels of culture believe that they know God, and also about the techniques, philosophical, religious, revealed and mystic, of knowing God. The author does all this, and at many points with great acumen as well as with erudition.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For instance, we have the interesting question: what do the rites of religion mean, what do they say? In such matters the author does well to agree with Professor Eliade, who says that among primitives "a rite is a repetition of original time," but he notes that Jewish ritual and the Christian sacrament are related to historical acts of God.

About man's knowledge of God, Father Daniélou holds to these points: primitive man knows God; at least, as St. Paul says, man is able to feel after God; the best knowledge obtainable in this line needs revelation; even then, God remains far off from our perfect comprehension and remains what Aquinas calls "quasi-unknown" and literally transcendent to our knowledge. We have to go right on, though blinded by illimitable light: as Aristotle and Aquinas say, our trouble is like the bat's in the face of the sun.

Just here the author's summary is deft: "There is no trace in St. Thomas of skepticism or agnosticism. In fact, reason has a secure knowledge of God's existence. The latter, as necessary cause, is implied in the existence of contingent being; as absolute truth, it is presupposed by the very exercise of the intellect; as perfect good, it is postulated by the existence of morality. Not only does reason know His existence, but she can form for herself some idea of Him."

The author is fond of noting that man's mind is always encountering "limit-problems." It gets so far and there it truly knows. Then it runs into stone-wall limits, e.g., the nature of God, the nature of freedom, the meaning of evil. These problems our reason cannot elucidate; we must leave the order of discourse and are driven toward conversion.

Our best final response is to stand in awe before the majesty of God, in a kind of metaphysical *dies irae* terror, a response best expressed by Isaias (2: 21) and particularly meaningful today.

> And he shall go into the clefts of the rocks,
> And into the holes of stones
> From the face of the fear of the Lord,
> And from the glory of his majesty,
> When he shall rise up to strike the earth.

The author is sure in his wide grasp when he covers what he calls modern pantheism in Hegel and Marx and Sartre and Merleau-Ponty who in sum say that God is not He Who always exists, but He Who no longer exists. As Sartre puts it, the death of God is required for the existence of man, and man exists only if his free act is an absolute beginning. Father Daniélou does in a way pay the price for his breadth. He is, for instance, sometimes merely assertive: "it remains true also that the world of bodies is not alien to Him." He is constantly weak in the use of hypothesis: he cites de Régnon's leaving as an open question whether self-seeking is inherent in man's nature, but Father Daniélou does not leave the same question open in regard to all persons. And infrequently he tends to belittle the positions of others or makes little effort to find how they came to hold these positions. But this is in strong contrast to his usual fine summaries of the statements of differing beliefs and attitudes.

RUSSELL KIRK
Author of *The Conservative Mind*
is now editing *MODERN AGE:*
A CONSERVATIVE REVIEW
Quarterly—$3.00 a year
"Speaks out forthrightly"—*London Times*
FREE COPY ON REQUEST
Write Foundation for Foreign Affairs, Inc.
64 E. Jackson Blvd., Chicago 4, Ill.

Reportorial Novel

CAMERON HILL. By Martin Flavin. Harper. $3.50.

By WILLIAM DUNLEA

CAMERON BRADLEY is the name of the man on whom the story of *Cameron Hill* centers —a man who has lost himself without ever having known himself; but he might as well be called John Doe, the actual name on the police blotter, the John Doe who could be anyone but who is only a blur.

He is arrested for vagrancy in a strange city (nameless, for of course it could happen anywhere) and is unable to answer routine questions about himself. Before he can be released he is booked on a new charge, all evidence pointing to him as the murderer of a cheap prostitute who has been found garroted in a bed in a sleazy hotel. When, through patient interrogation by the prosecutor, the fog begins to lift, he confesses to the crime without the least thought to save himself. Nor does he attempt justification, for he cannot understand doing it; he could have had no motive, the victim having been a total stranger. Because he admits carrying the murder weapon—a dog leash—into the hotel he will be accused of premeditation. Though a case for his defense is lacking, the prosecutor installs a tape-recorder as the doomed man, thirty-nine, tells the events of his life that led up to the tragedy.

The narrative that follows is the sort that could be expected to unwind on a prosecutor's overeager tape-recorder, but it runs relentless-

THE EMERGENCE OF LIBERAL CATHOLICISM IN AMERICA

By ROBERT D. CROSS

A challenging book that refutes the often-made assumption that all Catholics hold uniform views on all matters concerning their Church. Mr. Cross shows how liberal elements in the Catholic Church have been working to modify the prejudices of fellow Catholics at home and abroad for many years. He discusses their many partial victories and presents a detailed examination of the work they are doing today. $5.50

Through your bookseller, or from

HARVARD University Press

79 Garden Street, Cambridge 38, Mass.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Two Dollars Worth?

If you had ordered a trial subscription to The Commonweal thirteen weeks ago, you would have received these, among other articles:

A Symposium on Religious Journalism in America	
J. D. Salinger	*by Donald Barr*
Albert Camus	*by Anthony Bailey*
Mexican Farm Workers	*by Ted LeBerthon*
Djilas' "New Class"	*by Michael Harrington*
The American Oil Industry	*by Lawrence T. King*
The Arab Refugees	*by William Pfaff*
Freedom and Education	*by Alfred Whitney Griswold*
Moon We Never Made	*by James B. Kelley*
Realism on the Screen	*by Maryvonne Butcher*
Oriental Cultures	*by Christopher Dawson*
The Southern Moderate	*by Walker Percy*
Moslem-Christian Dialogue	*by James Kritzeck*
The Mau Mau Nightmare	*by J. L. Benvenisti*
The Ideal of Non-Violence	*by Bede Griffiths*
We Plead Guilty	*by Dorothy Day*
America and Colonialism	*by Robert C. Good*
The Conquest of Space	*by Edward A. Conway*

These articles are typical of the quality of the writing and of the wide range of interest to be found in The Commonweal, week by week. To make sure that in the weeks ahead you do not miss equally interesting articles, as well as editorials, dispatches from abroad, criticism of stage, screen and books, send two dollars with the coupon below.

For New Subscribers Only

The Commonweal, 386 Fourth Ave., N. Y. 16, N. Y.

Enclosed is $2. Please send your next 13 issues to:

NAME .....

STREET .....

CITY .....ZONE.....STATE.....

1/17/58

ly true to formula in its rehearsal of blighted marital relations. The author speaks through the prosecutor who speaks through the recorder, so that what is touted as the man's own story reaches us at third hand, a technique which demands a corresponding recompense for the reader. There is no exacting probe into the forces which decree the crack-up of a medical student who comes from a highly respected family and enjoys unusual social advantages. He is seen steeped in self-pity, yet the point at which this self-pity becomes aggressive is not revealed.

Had *Cameron Hill* been written in the thirties one knows not what pains its author would have taken to indict society; but in servility to a later Zeitgeist, Mom is depicted as the spiritual agent of the hero's fatalistic escape drive: Bradley is the staple Mom-decapacitated husband of the slicks. The murder leash is no doubt the subtle symbol of the uncut cord. It is perhaps the severest indictment Mom will survive this season, yet survive she will, with never a blush; for old Mother Cameron, presiding over her ghostly mansion on the hill, transferring all her fears and guilt to her son, ripening him for every inhibition, is barely papier-mâché and cannot hope to function as an effigy in which to burn all ravening motherhood.

It need hardly be insisted that the whole psychological structure of the tale stands or falls with her credibility, which is to say her culpability. Bradley's own action is limited to two disastrous marriages —one involving an abortion, a well-managed scene; the other producing two children—and an unspecified number of extramarital discords. That is too little—or too much—to substantiate Mrs. Cameron's culpability, though by no means is she to be dismissed for slackness.

A fully realized character is also a fully realized mystery. None of these figures ever attains to mystery; they lack all suggestion of freshness from the outset, like their speech, which is as flat and predictable as a reporter, intent on mechanical reactions, would record it. Indeed,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mr. Flavin with his tape machine has stolen a march on reportorial novelizing; and it is a device well-geared to the deterministic behavioral theories his book endorses. In treatment as well as theme it is not far removed from the *True Romances,* where extramarital enterprise has become so mechanical and emotionally unrepaying it has ceased even to be gratifying as sin.

The Possessed

COLOR OF DARKNESS. By James Purdy. New Directions. $3.50.

By ANTHONY BAILEY

NINE OF the stories in this book were included in a privately published volume, distributed last year, which I reviewed at the time in The Commonweal [Feb. 8]. Since then they and the novella have been published in England, where they were widely reviewed. There were some ovations, some murmurs of shocked dismissal, and very few in-between judgments. Most reviewers (and most readers of the privately published book in this country) were of the opinion that Mr. Purdy is a very considerable writer—an opinion I expressed last year, and still express, although the novella doesn't seem to hold together as well as the best of his stories. Moreover, of the two new stories in this collection, one, to my mind, is not at all up to what Mr. Purdy can do at the top of his form. "You May Safely Gaze" is a tale, ironic in intent, about two men discussing during their lunch hour two other men, exponents of physical culture, who one afternoon on a beach have performed in a fairly disgusting way. Mr. Purdy is in control to the extent that the men discussing are exposed as much as the men performing, but altogether the outrage and the horror of the story are too close to the surface to do more than make one shudder.

With the other stories, although they too contain their horror, it is a different matter. For one thing, Mr. Purdy's style is so powerful, his dialogue so just—every word is 'heard' and revealing, of terrible truth—that the doom which enthralls his characters is perfectly of themselves. In some manner he manages to take a revolutionary shortcut, and instead of reading someone writing about people acting and talking, the reader is in the presence of the very deed, the speech, sometimes, one feels, the blurred and tormented soul.

Mr. James Mitchie has written in *The London Magazine* that Purdy's concern is with a "universal side of the mind, with the lunar opposite of Lawrence's life-giving 'dark sun'." Certainly there seems at first to be nothing especially "life-giving" about these stories—an anatomy of the possessed, the devil-ridden. On the other hand, and it is a measure of Mr. Purdy's genuine stature as an artist, one becomes through these more aware of the love and pity man could attain than one might grasp in reading a seemingly more "balanced" book. It is, I think, that Mr. Purdy, through the natural rhythm of his dialogue, the acute daring of his art, has made for a novel departure in the craft of the short-story. In fact, he has made the work of many highly skilled writers seem extremely dependent on literary convention and, in doing so, has made fresh contact with moral reality.

Holy Cross Brothers

Serve God Through

- Teaching
- Social work
- Clerical work
- Writing
- Missions
- Trades

For information write:

Brother Eymard, C.S.C.
108 Dujarie Hall
Notre Dame, Indiana

or

Brother Bartel, C.S.C.
St. Edward's University
Austin 4, Texas

REVIEWERS

Edwin Kennebeck, a frequent contributor, is on the staff of a New York publishing house.

James Greene is European editor of *Business International*.

Father Leo R. Ward, a member of the faculty at Notre Dame, is the author of *Christian Ethics*.

William Dunlea is a free-lance writer living in New York.

Anthony Bailey, a member of the staff of the *New Yorker*, is a frequent contributor.

AN OPPORTUNITY

THE PROGRAM . . .The National Catholic Welfare Conference has been bringing teenage students to this country from Europe and Latin America since 1951. The purpose of this exchange program is to give these boys and girls the opportunity of living with American Catholic families and of studying in American Catholic high schools for a full year.

THE STUDENTS . . .The youngsters under N.C.W.C. sponsorship come from good, Catholic families. They range in age from 16 to 18—approximately the same age as students in their senior year of high school in the United States. All are normal, healthy, talented boys and girls of good character with superior scholastic records and a good command of the English language.

YOU . . .This program gives **you** a unique opportunity "to put your religion to work" by extending hospitality to one of these youngsters. This is an opportunity to do something big for God, country, and the world. It is an opportunity to gain great merit by an act of charity in one of its finest forms—hospitality to a stranger from abroad.

For further information write immediately to:

INTERNATIONAL HIGH SCHOOL STUDENT PROGRAM
National Catholic Welfare Conference
1312 Massachusetts Avenue, N.W.
Washington 5, D.C.

Classified

• *RATES, payable in advance: $1 per type line; minimum, 2 lines. Solid copy: 16⅔¢ a word; minimum, 12 words. Discounts: 5% for 3 times, 10% for 7 times, 15% for 13 times.*

Irish Books and Gifts

• Books, Linens, Gifts, Catalogs.
IRISH INDUSTRIES DEPOT, INC.
870 Lexington Ave., (near 65th) New York

Chesterton and Belloc

• All Chesterton's and Belloc's Books
250 Titles, Free Catalogue.
Prosser, 3118 N. Keating, Chicago 41, Ill.

Teaching Aids

• "SING A SONG OF SAFETY"—21 SAFETY SONGS (illustrated). Favorite teaching aids in thousands of class rooms, homes, and parochial schools. Perfect gift item. The book: $1.50; record album: $2.10. Irving Caesar Publishing Co., 1619 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

• "SING A SONG OF FRIENDSHIP"—SONGS (illustrated) of human rights, community harmony, inter-racial understanding and world friendship, in use in thousands of public schools and community centers. Perfect gift item. The book: $1.95; record album: $3.95. Irving Caesar Publishing Co., 1619 Broadway, New York, N.Y.

Sleep Learning

• LEARN WHILE ASLEEP! DETAILS FREE. Sleep-Learning Association, Box 610-CM, Omaha 1, Nebraska.

Contemplatives

• HELP MAINTAIN AN ISLAND OF PRAYER. Send your checks to account of: Mere Marie de Jesus, O.P., Ueda, Ezomori 75, Morioka, Japan, c/o Int'l Teller, Chase Manhattan Bank, N.Y. 15.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED